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Literature

Amongst the Andes *

SOUTH AMERICA has always presented peculiar fascinations to the mountain-climber since Pizarro made his wonderful marches over the Andes, Orellana floated down the Amazon, Humboldt spent three years climbing its snowy peaks, and Prescott gave glimpses of its deeply picturesque Incas. Mystery hangs round the mighty continent from Panama to Patagonia, and the Andes dispute with the Himalayas the charm of inaccessible peaks. What mysterious races, what fauna and flora, what traces of vanished Indian civilizations lie in these inner recesses of Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, and Ecuador! The earth seldom rises to such tragic heights as it does in Chimborazo and Cotopaxi; no river is more world wide than the Amazon; no mountain-line sweeps with more majestic curves and acclivities than the Cordilleras; no spinal cord of rock is ribbed with more sublime *vertebræ* than the monster-cord which sweeps from Darien to Magellan-land, and encircles in its radiations scenery and savagery inexpressibly wild.

Mr. Whympers has long been known as a mountain-climber clad in seven-league boots, before whom even Mont Blanc shrinks and 'Greenland's icy mountains' are a trifle. It has become so commonplace a matter for throngs of cockneys to ascend the fifteen or sixteen thousand feet of European heights that nothing short of Himalayan or Andean altitudes would satisfy his Gargantuan appetite for mountains. Unhappily, in 1874, when Mr. Whympers was ready to ascend their moon-struck desolations, the Himalayas became the centre of a ferment on the 'scientific frontier' question, and Anglo-Indians thought it unsafe for him to venture. Then the miserable discords of Chile, Peru, and Bolivia broke out, and debarred him from ascending their epic crests and craters. There remained only Ecuador, with its snows a-shimmer at 20,000 feet above the Pacific. Accordingly thither, after elaborate preparations, Mr. Whympers went in 1880, accompanied by his Alpine guides, the Carrels, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and landing at Guayaquil.

The main object of the expedition was to observe the effects of low atmospheric pressures on exceptionally vigorous constitutions, to inquire into the causes of 'mountain sickness,' and to attain the greatest possible heights in order to experience it. Combined with this were other scientific questions to be investigated, the determination of altitudes and of the relative positions of the mountain-groups of Ecuador, the comparison of boiling-point observations and of aneroids against mercurial barometers, and the collection of botanical and zoological specimens. Mr. Whympers had little or no time for the natives or their curious ways, the politics or the commerce of the country, or even the discussion of that interesting question, the Ecuadorian loan. He was far more anxious to verify Humboldt's and De Saussure's statements than to ransack nooks and corners for folk-lore, celts, and stone hatchets. He marched forth therefore stout of heart, laden with letters of introduction and provided with food enough in tins and boxes to make him entirely

independent of South American *ollas* and *tortillas*. There is something almost sublime in the way in which this solitary Englishman with his Swiss guides and Indian porters laid siege to the enormous equatorial volcanoes and made them after inquisitorial torment yield up their secrets. The first one attacked was Chimborazo; and the attack, the natives insisted, was not on altitudes and 'low pressures,' but on the treasures fabled to be hidden somewhere in the flanks of the huge crater. Humboldt had attempted the ascent in 1802 and Boussingault in 1831, but Whympers shows that their imaginations must have been more active than their feet and that their 'observations' were largely guesswork. He and his party reached the summit after terrible prostration from mountain-sickness, finding relief only in chlorate of potash and red wine. The aneroids too behaved 'mountain-sick,' and would not accord with each other or with the mercurial barometer. Wonderful views and vivid glimpses rewarded the climbers, who witnessed an ice-avalanche, discovered monstrous glaciers, and got frightfully frost-bitten by the burning air. After Chimborazo one volcano after another—even Cotopaxi—was swallowed without difficulty by these untiring mountaineers, who ascend from the vaporous sea-level up through glowing tropic zones of vegetation into cloud-capped belts where they are lost in mist, to emerge into regions of exquisite sunlit purity where air sheerer than the finest muslin envelops the lungs in crystal coolness and makes the head light from unaërated blood. Next they ascend Corazon with the same joyous determination and find delightful recreation in the new beetles and butterflies and zoological specimens in which the mountain is rich.

Cotopaxi they find warm with subterranean glows, yet seamed with giant glaciers; they strike camp at 19,500 feet and spend a night under the lip of the Titan, which periodically lets off huge blasts of steam and suffers horribly from volcanic colic. Fierce electric storms blaze about them, thunder peals multitudinously among the crags, and Thor's hammer seems pounding the mountain's head to pieces. In spite of this the night is serenely glorious and the tropic stars outdo themselves in beauty. Cumulus clouds such as Ruskin goes into raptures over were seen at a height of 23,000 feet. Sincholagua, another neighboring volcano, only whets the insatiable appetite for more. After this the Alp-climbers rest a while in the queer Indian-Spanish city of Quito, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, where they fall into the hands of a truculent inn-keeper, interview the President, hear about *mañana* and the Ecuadorian bonds, and come in contact with the Shylocks of the banks. Antisana is not very distant; and this heroic mountain-mass they climb in spite of vast crevasses in its shirt of ice, huge lava-streams, condors, mud-holes, and snow-storms. Pichincha is found rather a tame crater, but its skirts are full of exquisite humming-birds whose wild and startling loveliness amply make up for slumberous or stupid craters. On Cayambe they are threatened by an Andean condor of magnificent wing and fierceness, but they are not prevented from ascending the mountains 19,186 feet. Sara-uren, where Humboldt tells a pretty tale of 'fire-proof fish'—live fish ejected in myriads from a red-hot volcano-throat,—is approached and conquered after great difficulties and through super-saturated jungles filled with pumas, bears, and wild cattle. Mr. Whympers has his laugh at Humboldt's credulity, and then moves on to Cotacachi, hunting stone implements, Indian pottery, and 'base-busts,' and visiting the pyramids of Quito. Their dog becomes snow-blind on Caribruairazo (16,515 feet) and they themselves are threatened by highway robbers. These are happily escaped, and a second ascent of Chimborazo is undertaken and accomplished as a mere bagatelle after so many successes among the other big cones. They catch glimpses of the Pacific in the green sunlight, and steal views with their 'kodak' at the greatest height ever photographically registered.

Mr. Whympers illustrates all this with excellent pictures and shows himself not only an admirable but an extraor-

* Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator. By Edward Whympers. \$6. Charles Scribner's Sons.

dinary traveller. The results of his labors on the configuration of the Ecuador Andes, the walls of Chimborazo, the altitudes of the several groups, the temperatures of the summits, the snow-lines and glaciers, as well as on equatorial botany and zoölogy, are extremely important. Numerous appendices and tables attest the scientific importance of his observations and discoveries; and four maps and about 150 text and full-page pictures show the skill of his pencil and camera.

Mr. Gosse's "Gossip in a Library"*

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Mr. Gosse is one of these brilliant-plumaged creatures of the age who fly from sweet to sweet, and extract for us their nectar, their sermon, their mission, their peculiar gift and grace. The late Mr. John Eliot Bowen of *The Independent* suggested to him a series of random studies based on rare or curious books in his library, to form the substance or cue of familiar chats on bygone books and times. The thought was felicitous, and Mr. Gosse embraced it with ardor, and wrought it out with grace and charm. The results are seen in this delightful volume of short studies on subjects great and small, on celebrities and nobodies, on worthies and unworthies. Our author is a lively exhumers, a charming talker in the catacombs of forgotten and buried literary life through which he conducts us, an Old Mortality who is anything but 'old' in his vivacious and kindling ways. The torch with which he lights the labyrinth is of scented wood, such as poets use, exhaling the amber and sandalwood odors of poetic allusion, familiar acquaintance with old authors long laid away in lavender, intimacy with the painted and rouged generations of 'Great Anne's' or Scotch James's age. The book covers a wide area, and discusses interesting books of this century as well as those of the Stuarts and Georges. It is a catholic, not to say ecumenical, taste which can include Camden's 'Britannia' and 'The Shaving of Shagpat,' 'A Mirror for Magistrates' and 'Beau Nash,' 'Cats' and 'Old Plays.'

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There is a certain satisfaction in addressing American readers on the subject of rare books. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the great home of splendid private libraries is ceasing to be north-western Europe, and is becoming the United States. We in the East are amazed at those singular laws which inflict a severe punishment on the American citizen who is guilty of introducing what is beautiful and distinguished into his own country. Yet there are some objects which the most paternal protective tariff will never cause to be produced in a new community. First editions

of Milton or Molière will scarcely be manufactured in the United States, in spite of all the McKinleys, or, if they are, the interference of the police will be desirable. Even the eccentricities of the Custom-house, however, do not tend at present to check the stream of emigration which empties the libraries of Europe, and creates new and more warmly appreciated ones in America. There is every reason that the Americans should become ideal booksellers. If Dibdin was right when he said civility, quickness, and intelligence were the chief requisites of a bibliopole, America ought to have no difficulty in supplying these qualities. She possesses already, in the Grolier Club, a standard of formal excellence in bibliography higher and more exacting than any now existing in Europe.

We notice the title of one of Mr. Gosse's books ('Ferdassi') misprinted opposite the title-page.

Freeman's "Historical Essays"*

IT IS A MELANCHOLY reflection that the great author of these essays has fulfilled his appointed life-work, and that his resistless energy, his profound scholarship, and his wondrous versatility and fecundity, which so long made him a foremost, if not the foremost, figure in English historical thought, have gone the way which is appointed for all mortal effort and for every mortal gift.

No historian can be found who does not owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Freeman. Even those who held theories opposed to his must acknowledge that their conviction of the truth of their own beliefs has been accentuated by his sturdy and scholarly opposition. An opponent frequently proves to be an invaluable means of enlightenment in regard to the strength or weakness of one's own case, and in no respect can Dr. Freeman be said to have conceded the convictions that he held, nor to have spared the weak points of an adversary. The whole world of letters owes him an incalculable debt, if for nothing else than his great work upon the Norman conquest and his *Life of William Rufus*. For many decades he has been a power in the literary world. Not content with the writing of long histories he turned his attention to lesser things. History in its wider, not in its narrower, sense was the goddess whom he worshipped; to him the site of Aquæ Sextiæ and the surroundings of Orange were suggestive of the past, and the glories of earlier centuries lingered around the ruins of Carthage and the desolation of Spolatio.

The wonderful historical sympathy of Dr. Freeman is well illustrated by the variety of subjects which engaged his pen. In the volume before us—a compilation of articles published in the English periodicals—Carthage, Aquæ Sextiæ, Périgieux and Cohors, the Augustan Ages, the English Civil Wars, Archbishop Pauler, the Constitution of the German Empire, the House of Lords are but a few of the subjects which his varied knowledge and his strict historical conscientiousness have treated with a touch of strength and grace. Few men possess like learning, and fewer still know how to use the learning they possess. The breadth of his mental grasp was characteristic of him only among historians of this century, Ranke alone excepted. The central sun of his system, broadly considered, was the 'Unity of History,' and he glorified this source of historical light and energy by his masterly knowledge of the great principles which have directed the development of European history, and by that minute acquaintance with the history of towns and institutions which gave him the means of illustrating the truth of the broader principles. There is no doubt as to Dr. Freeman's love of learning, nor as to his genuine scholarship, which the Germans themselves acknowledge; but none of his theories, strongly marked as they are, have brought him into collision with other schools. His warfare against Mr. Froude is well known, and, even with those who in general were of his own way of thinking, his special and peculiar views came sometimes into collision. One has only to read his works to see that this is the case in regard to

* Gossip in a Library. By Edmund Gosse. \$2.50. John W. Lovell Co.

* Historical Essays. By E. A. Freeman. \$3.50. Macmillan & Co.

Bishop Stubbs and Mr. Green. As he was not careful of his criticism so he was himself criticised, yet few cared to encounter the directness and weight of his well aimed and well considered blows. Strong personality as he was, he has left in English scholarship a vacant place which no English historian of to-day can fill. The appointment of Mr. Froude to the chair which Dr. Freeman's death has left vacant at Oxford is an appointment which all will regret who place the weight of one against the weight of the other. Had Lord Salisbury named Prof. Gardiner to the Regius Professorship he would have avoided any discourtesy to the memory of Dr. Freeman, and would have paid a higher compliment to the Republic of Letters.

"Politics and Pen-Pictures"*

IN 'POLITICS and Pen-Pictures' we have an outline of the life-history of a typical American who has been in many occupations. As lawyer, preacher, diplomatist, author, military commander, and what else we know not, Mr. Hilliard has adorned his profession and magnified his calling. At the age of eighty-four, and still in the possession of health and an attractive personality, he tells the story of the life of men and systems on two continents. The rise and fall of monarchies, republics and confederacies and the emergence and disappearances of principles, parties and individuals have passed before his eyes, and he writes as a witness. With no sting of disappointment or tinge of cynicism, but rather with the combined wisdom and charity of old age, he pictures and comments. A handsome and nearly full-length portrait as frontispiece, a well-arranged table-of-contents, luxurious typography, full index and attractive binding prepare the reader to enjoy a really good book.

Leaving Montgomery, Ala., in midwinter, 1839, the young lawyer set out for Harrisburg, Pa., to attend the Whig convention, at which the names of the great unelected Henry Clay and Winfield Scott were to be set aside for the name of our own President's grandfather. On the way, in Washington, Mr. Hilliard stopped to see Congress in session. He gives us suggestive pictures of Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster. By President Tyler, with whom he had travelled to Harrisburg, Mr. Hilliard was appointed Minister to Belgium, spending several years in that newly-created monarchy. Twelve chapters are devoted to his travels in Europe and what he saw and heard in the European cities, and especially in the rich cities of the Low Countries. Nothing very exciting happened during his diplomatic career, however, and the accounts of his observations are not very far above the commonplace. In his description of Holland it is astonishing to note the apparent lack of knowledge, which the American statesman usually shows, concerning the many points of contact between the history of the United States of the Netherlands and the United States of America. The autobiographer in this instance, as in many others, fails to notice the Dutch origin of many ideas and things called American, and even to note the places most associated with the history of federal government.

Returning to America, Mr. Hilliard was elected to Congress. He vividly pictures the coming on of the Mexican War, and the closing scenes of Polk's administration, and tells many new and interesting anecdotes of the prominent figures in the Secession movement. On two episodes in his career, the clerical and the military, Mr. Hilliard does not dwell in detail. After the Civil War, the results of which were cordially accepted by the author, he was sent as American Minister to Brazil, where his career was highly honorable. He conveys his impressions felicitously, and portrays his experiences in that country. His influence was on the side of emancipation, and an interesting appendix treats of his participation in the movement. Several visits to Europe were made by the author in his later years, and his

* Politics and Pen-Pictures at Home and Abroad. By Henry W. Hilliard. \$3. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

notes and comments on the great statesmen, preachers, and other men and women of note are those of a cultured gentleman, sensitive on all sides of his nature to the wonderful and varied phenomena of human life. The book deserves a place in all large libraries, and will be read especially by those who enjoy history well flavored with the element of personal narration.

Books on Hygiene*

THE GREAT SUCCESS of the recent food show is evidence of the interest of the general public in the question of food, and especially of food reform, to which hygienists are now particularly directing their attention. The food we eat is undoubtedly the largest factor in establishing the health of our bodies. Bread is the most common and important article of diet we have, and in Mr. John Goodfellow's 'The Dietetic Value of Bread' (1) we have the only work which treats exclusively of the subject, and treats of it well, and can be recommended to the lay reader. It gives first an account of the different kinds of bread, by which their merits may be judged, and secondly, technical information about the true value of bread as a food. An introductory section on 'Food, Diet and Digestion,' short and plainly written, ends by summarizing the chief duties of food, which are to maintain the heat of the body, to supply the force for working, to renew wasting tissues and to furnish materials to build up new tissues; and hence food is a substance which is capable of performing any or all of the above functions. The reader having now learnt something about the general principles of diet and the functions of digestion, will be able to understand the value of bread as food stuff, and why as a staple food it should be as perfect as possible; why white bread should be supplemented largely with other foods, because of the poverty of mineral salts, especially of the *calcium phosphate*; why whole meal bread, by preservation of its outer layers rich in albuminoids and phosphates, has certain advantages over the daintier looking white, though not a perfect food; why bread made with yeast is much more digestible than that made with chemicals; why the addition of potatoes and rice lowers nutritive value and makes it indigestible; why stale bread is more nourishing than new; and the crust and toast of easier digestion than the crumb. 'Cyclone bread' is new to dwellers in these latitudes though perhaps known to our Western brethren. The preparation of cyclone whole meal marks a departure in milling, for the old millstone is put aside and the wheat is 'pulverized by small, terrific cross-currents of air.' Shall we have dynamite bread next?

NO BOOK UPON the subject is more thoroughly informing, and offered in more attractive style than Sir Henry Thompson's 'Food and Feeding' (2). Justly popular, it has reached a sixth edition, which has been largely rewritten, with a new chapter on Fish, and many additions to the methods of practical cookery, and their main and guiding principles. Where the general quality is so good it is hard to indicate any part of especial value, yet the chapters on dinners may be particularly commended; they are full of wise, practical teaching, and as delightful reading as Heyward's charming 'Art of Dining.' The 'scheme of a rational dinner' may be digested with profit by even the veteran dinner-giver; and the person of small means, but hospitably bent, will learn that cookery may be wholesome and refined, yet not costly.

THE SECOND ISSUE in the Red-Cross Series of Health Handbooks is Mr. Dewar's 'Dyspepsia' (3). It deals chiefly with the diet proper to persons in health, and tells how to keep the stomach in condition and the body in repair. Its method is more popular than scientific, and it may have its use, for there is a good deal of commonsense in little space. The evil of a monotonous diet to a dyspeptic, against which 'the stomach by-and-by shuts the door,' as Ferajji said to Stanley of the 'eternal maniac,' is fitly set forth. Variety of food is as essential to the dyspeptic as to one who never knows he has a stomach except when he is hungry.

IN A FEW breezy and disquieting pages Dr. Prudden shows the way to dusty death, enlarges the sorrows of the heart, and adds a new terror to life (4). 'Simple, common, omnipresent, every-day dust—the bane of the tidy housekeeper, the torment of the cleanly citizen who goes upon the streets in ill-kept towns, wafted upon every wind without, stirred up by every footfall within,' is the 'unpleasant subject' of this little book. Dust is the 'lion's whelp

* 1. The Dietetic Value of Bread. By John Goodfellow. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co. 2. Food and Feeding. By Sir Henry Thompson. Sixth edition. \$1.25. F. W. & Son. 3. Dyspepsia. By John Dewar. 50 cts. Breen & Co. 4. Dust and its Dangers. By T. Mitchell Prudden. 75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. Drinking Water and Ice Supplies. By T. M. Prudden. 75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6. The Mediterranean Shores of America. By P. C. Remondino. \$1.25. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co. 7. Physical Development and Exercise for Women. By Mary Taylor Bissell. M. D. \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co. 8. Yawning. By Henrietta Russell. United States Book Co.

lurking in secret places,' and a constant threat to health—indoors and outdoors; in the drawing-room and library, bedroom and scullery; in clothing, especially of woollen texture; in public buildings, as court-rooms, churches and theatres; in omnibuses, railway cars, particularly 'the pernicious and noxious elevated railroad'; and by reason of the colonies of micro-organisms which lie in wait in the thievish corners of the house and the street, greedy of prey, ready of travail with mischief, and, when the wind scattereth, bring destruction in their paths. This does not put gladness in the heart. Though the bacteriologist does most 'powerfully and potently believe' what science asseverates with undoubted proof, yet is it not testimony open to question, and does it match with 'forepast proofs,' and does it not sin against common experience? 'Certum est, quia impossibile est.' Were this quite true, life in New York at any time, and especially when the March winds 'choke the air with dust,' and 'pile it upon the quick,' would not be worth a pin's-fee even for the fittest. It is not yet settled beyond cavil that sweeping-day is a day of death to the housemaid. While the harmful effects of dust to 'enforce a watery eye,' sentence a throat, or even, in certain cases, damage the lungs, may be owned, its part is as a local irritant rather than an infectious carrier. We may still have a merry heart, even after reading 'Dust,' and safely look upon it as matter in the wrong place, and more an inconvenience and annoyance than a pestiferous peril.

DR. PRUDDEN'S 'Drinking Water and Ice Supplies' (5), in plan, purpose and performance, may be commended with small stint. There is much in this brochure that everyone ought to know, though there may be 'a few disquieting revelations about drinking water,' but 'the relations of good water to good health, and of bad water to varying degrees of bad health,' are plainly and properly set forth. Clean water is as necessary to health as clean air, clean food, clean clothes, and clean surroundings; yet water for common domestic uses is liable to many impurities,—impurities which are a serious menace to health. Even solid water, which we call ice, has its dangers, for though the common belief is that in freezing water is purified, such is not the fact, for though its 'coarser, visible contaminations' may be expelled in the process, sewage pollution may remain.

'THE MEDITERRANEAN Shores of America' (6)—rather a confusing title for the geographer—is simply a brief held by Dr. Remondino for Southern California, as against Florida and the Riviera claimants. Its climatology, we are told, 'is quite a study; many of its meteorological results are even real puzzles [!]'—puzzles met with nowhere else. It has many oddities—none greater, it may be suspected, than the methods and style of him who 'swells the note of praise.' Charles Dudley Warner's 'Italy of America,' it is claimed, enjoys the possession of a climate that is the best, either for production, comfort, health or long life. When the author drops 'tall talk' and gets down to hard facts, he makes a good showing for the establishment of his *posit*. He tells us that Southern California 'has six distinct classes of climates, all having a therapeutic value and application.' The sections upon the physical, meteorological and climatological conditions of this favored spot, with general and vital statistics, are especially interesting and valuable. The seeker after a climate for health will get much helpful information from this book.

'PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT and Exercise for Women' (7), by Dr. Mary T. Bissell, may be read with satisfaction and advantage by those who have the training of girls during their school life. The little book is sensible, practical and free from 'fads.' Its intention is to show the means by which physical development—the harmonious growth of the entire organism—can be best attained, and ideal health, or a large measure of it, secured. The chapters on the 'Ways and Means of Exercise,' 'Some Things that Exercise will Do' and 'Practical Suggestions' are worthy of careful reading.

MR. POPE tells us that the 'everlasting yawn confesses' the pains and penalties of idleness. Keats's exquisite lines,—

Rubbing its sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
And doubling overhead its little fists,—

are a life-picture of the drowsy urchin. The matter-of-fact physiologist in cold prose says that yawning is slow, deep, prolonged inspiration, with the mouth kept spasmodically open, by a convulsive movement of the muscles of the face, followed by a sudden expiration, causing an oral and pharyngeal sound. Mrs. Henrietta Russell, whose portrait in the guise of a veiled prophetess is the frontispiece of 'The Delsarte System, No. 1' (8), makes us be still and wonder when she affirms that yawning has 'but one use and one purpose: it is a gymnastic.' * * * Nature's gymnastic, it embodies all the laws of growth needed for movements that are to give physical growth and refreshment, and some of the laws which are necessary to the higher growth, so-called, of the emo-

tions and the intellect. * * * The best [yawn] uses every articulation in the body—probably every muscle—possibly refreshes every nerve. * * * Certainly no gymnast ever so arranged the same expenditure of force, nervous and muscular, as to result in an equal amount of invigorating effect upon the system. *Succession, opposition, and parallelism*—these are the three orders of motion used in yawning.

Why not then adopt it as our gymnastic, a safe and valuable gymnastic? asks Mrs. Russell. One reason is that the habit once bred, it might assert itself at an improper moment, and lead to the boycotting of the resultant mould of form by the polished horde.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

An excellent use of the yawn Mrs. Russell has overlooked: though an automatic act, it can be bid to come at will, and may be made to medicine sweet sleep, when truant, in place of nauseous, drowsy drugs. Its induction is easy, if the insomniac will get out of bed, raise a window, and standing out of the draught, empty the lungs, and then take four or five deep inspirations, raising the hands over the head, and letting them fall to the sides with each expiration.

Educational Literature

AMERICAN BOOKS about America are getting more and more numerous, particularly books about American literature. Napoleon thought literature *the* thing to study, even above and beyond his beloved mathematics. Mr. Stedman, Prof. Tyler and Prof. Richardson, in their voluminous contributions to the subject, evidently have the same thought. Now, Julian Hawthorne and Prof. Lemmon collaborate for the same purpose in 'American Literature: An Elementary Text-Book for use in High Schools and Academies'—an illustrated book in eleven chapters, graphically pointing out its salient lines of development and the affinities which group certain schools of thought together. The style is crisp and incisive, and the criticisms are generally acute and kind, except in the tirade aimed at Walt Whitman. The chapters flow logically as well as chronologically along, beginning with the Colonial Period, Benjamin Franklin, the Revolution, the Pioneer Period, and Statesmen and Historians, and extending to Poets of the First Half-Century, Religious and Social Reformers, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte, The Innovators, and Writers of To-day. The critical valuations of Edgar Poe, Hawthorne and Henry James are particularly good, while the characteristics of certain schools of thought, as the Imaginative Group, the Dialect Writers, the Realists (Howells, etc.), and the Humorists, are finely felt and expressed. Among the errors to be noted are Mrs. (or Miss) Hutchinson, joint editor of the Stedman-Hutchinson 'Library'; Lafcadio Hearn is of Greek-Irish birth; not 'a Southerner' (p. 282); and Arthur Sherborne Hardy (p. 285). Richard Malcolm Johnston will be amused to see himself described (on page 299) as a 'Virginian whose brief sketches of Old Dominion (?) life possess a rich humor,' etc. The 'rich humor' lies elsewhere than in these imaginary sketches. Is it good English to say of Mrs. Stoddard (p. 211) that 'few men, and no woman, has written stories more original.' Some verse-selections, a few portraits and questions on the various writers run hand in hand with the text. (\$1.25. D. C. Heath & Co.)

THE LATE Prof. A. H. Welsh compiled just before his death 'A Digest of English and American Literature' in the familiar four-column method which lies before us. English literature is crowded into ten Periods, from the Anglo-Saxon to the Victorian, one column being devoted to 'Events,' a second to 'Characteristics,' a third to 'Writers' (with dates, etc.), and a fourth to 'Writings.' The method is necessarily highly condensed but is useful for hurried summaries and blackboard presentation. 'Beowulf' is erroneously stated (p. 3) to be an 'epic of six thousand lines' (half-lines). American Literature is banished as usual to a meagre appendix of the slightest possible texture, in which a wholly inadequate account is given of the writings of Donald G. Mitchell, Dr. Hale, Col. Higginson, Mrs. Preston, Marion Harland, Mrs. Burnett, and many others. If Prof. Welsh had lived these imperfections would doubtless have been removed. (\$1.50. S. C. Griggs & Co.)—IN 'THE PLANT WORLD' Mr. George Massee endeavors to trace the development of all other plant forms from the unicellular algæ. He may have clear ideas on the subject, but he is far from being a clear writer, so that even a person passably well acquainted with the views that he appears to maintain finds it difficult, at times, to follow him. He drops a subject before he has half said what he must have had in mind; he continually leaves the main thread of his argument to follow clues that lead nowhere; he pushes the analogy between plant and animal life so far

as to attribute to the lowest plants (whether seriously or figuratively we cannot make out) reasoning powers, foresight and moral or immoral motives. The book is well illustrated, but we cannot recommend it, on account of the obscurity of its text. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

THE HATZFELD-DARMSETER-THOMAS 'Dictionnaire de la Langue Française' has reached its fifth *fascicule* which, so far, covers the ground from *brouette* to *cependant*. This admirable historical dictionary of the French language and idiom is characterized by the orderliness and lucidity peculiar to the logical French mind. The five (out of thirty) parts which have appeared show the merit and conscientiousness of the work, the originality of the method, the range of the definitions, and the general distribution of the material. For thirty francs one can possess a work which in some respects is even an advance on Littré. Rather minute type is almost the only objection that can be urged against it, which, with the pale ink indulged in by the French printers (*pace* 'G. W. S. I'), makes it a trifle trying to the very class—myopic scholars—by whom the book is most likely to be studied. Extended articles on *bruit, buffet, buisson, bureau, cabale, cabaret, cabinet, café, caisse, calotte, canon, capital, cardinal, carême, carreau, carte, and cause* fill the eighty double-column pages of this part. None of the definitions or historical tracings are burdensome in length; the word *vieilli* is very carefully inserted where a word is the least old-fashioned or old flavored; and present usage is abundantly exemplified. Neologisms, too, are duly recorded, and etymologies are imprisoned between convenient bracket-clamps that they may not run away with the plan of the book. A translation of this work into English is highly desirable; and as a *fascicule* appears for the present only every other month, an English version might well keep pace with the French. Might not the accomplished Mme. Darmsteter undertake it? (Paris: Ch. Delagrave.)

PROF. W. D. WHITNEY'S 'Introductory French Reader' (Henry Holt & Co., 70 cts.) is a handy accompaniment to his admirable French grammars, rather over-annotated than otherwise. What is the use, for example, of explaining that *vieux musicien* means 'old musician,' *crier famine* 'cry famine,' etc., if the vocabulary contains these words? Are *cortège* and its class of words now accented -*age* (as in the Glossary) or -*ège*?—ONE CAN hardly be expected to examine in detail a long work on 'The French Verb' which contains on its first page such English and such errors as:—'The Verb, the name of which is called the Infinitive, consists of two parts'; 'the subject is the person or thing, which the Verb says that he or it is doing something—or suffering something [we can readily believe it!—or is merely in a state [of distraction?] or condition'; 'a verb is the word which expresses,' etc. After this we are prepared for the statement on the same page that 'the pronunciation (*sic*) of the root of the Infinitive,' etc. A writer whose English is as bad as this cannot be trusted to write accurate French or direct other people in their ruminations over the intricacies of French verbs. A foreigner writing in this sort of English to instruct Americans in a language not his own—for Prof. Schele de Vere is a Swede or a Dane,—must have a contempt for the intellect of his pupils or temerity beyond the common run of men. (Wm. R. Jenkins & Co.)

EDITIONS OF MOLIÈRE are as perennial as the fabled Fountains of Youth, perhaps because Molière himself was a perennial fountain of joy and gaiety. The French genius has rarely leapt to such a sparkling height as in him, and it is difficult to find in its literature such tides of humor, such lengths and breadths of harmless fun, such untiring wit and geniality as he presents us with. Between the solemn Corneille and the sentimental Racine he stands like a Comus-mask grinning with jest and pleasantry and relieving their solemnity and sentimentality as with a burst of pleasant music. The last edition of this immortal laughter strikes us as one of the best. The text and punctuation of his great epic comedy, 'Le Misanthrope,' edited by H. W. G. Markheim, are those of the original edition in the National Library of Paris, fortified by such light as is afforded by Aimé-Martin's edition and that of Hachette. The ten volumes of the *Moliériste* of course have been thoroughly utilized for them; and now Alceste and Célimène can carry on their celebrated quarrel to their heart's content, assured that their torts and *retorts* are represented just as Poquelin wrote them.—UNDER A SOMEWHAT similar head comes Montaigne's 'De l'Institution des Enfants,' edited by Prof. Bôcher—a famous chapter, in the original spelling of 1580, extracted from the 'Essais.' The piquancy and good sense of this essay emerge all the more prominently for this unamiable-looking orthography, which is as puzzling as an inscription in uncials.—THREE NEW novels

increase the list of available French fiction in an interesting field: 'Mon Oncle et Mon Curé'—No. 19 in the series of Romans Choisis published by William R. Jenkins; George Sand's 'La Famille de Germandre,' edited by Augusta C. Kimball (Ginn & Co.); and the 'Abeille' of the delightful humorist, romancer and philosopher, M. Anatole France, edited by C. P. Lebon (D. C. Heath & Co.) All of these are good, redolent of good-breeding, too, and excellent specimens of their respective authors.

IF AMERICAN boys and girls cannot converse well in French and German, it will certainly not be for lack of drill-books. After all, said Goethe, writing is unnatural and speech alone spontaneous and in accordance with nature. Two slim 'Colloquial Drill-Books' seem based in their abundant conversation-methods on this idea. 'Colloquial German,' by T. B. Bronson, is a bookful of material for translation into German, assisted by a copious vocabulary. Our eye 'lights' on such Americanisms as 'All aboard for Berlin!', 'Please give me my check,' etc., which must delight our transatlantic cousins in their hunt for 'dialect.' 'Colloquial French Drill,' Part II., by E. Aubert, is an excellent little manual in French for starting talk on every imaginable topic. There will be no excuse for 'speaking French like a Spanish cow,' as the proverb has it, after one has thoroughly mastered Prof. Aubert's 'Normal Series,' of which this is a part. (Henry Holt & Co.)—MATERIALS for the study of Italian are not so numerous that one can afford to overlook so valuable a book as Prof. Grandgent's 'Italian Composition,' which contains about 100 pages of exercises arranged to go along with his 'Italian Grammar.' *The Critic* has already emphasized the merits of the latter. The noble tongue of Petrarch and Boccaccio is too much neglected in this country, and it is a highly favorable sign of awakening interest in it to see such publications as this. (65 cts. D. C. Heath & Co.)

Recent Fiction

THE PEASANTS of the Poustá, the Hungarian prairie, or steppe, defile before us, mostly one by one, sometimes a small group together, in 'Le Livre de la Poustá,' a collection of prose-poems and short tales by Sigismond de Justh, which M. Guillaume Vautier has translated into picturesque and nervous French. The author tells how, just back from Africa, he was fascinated at Vienna by a young Austrian who reminded him of a friend of his youth. On the way to the Austrian's estate in Bosnia, the memories that his face and voice had revived were brought out more strongly by the sight from the car windows of the endless fields of the writer's native steppe, and he cut his visit short to return for a season to its pastures, its shallow lakes impregnated with soda, its mirage on the horizon by day and stars overhead at night. The primitive life of the scattered population, who live so far apart that a whole family dies from eating a poisonous fungus before the doctor can reach them, is detailed in a dozen short studies in which are pictured the religious enthusiast—of a strange, native breed; the *courtesane amoureuse*, Zsuzsi Zani; the lonely and taciturn herdsman; the deaf-mute, Misa Frango, the 'Sage of the Poustá.' All these portraits are full of a sort of natural melancholy—poetic, and not unwholesome. Even the youths and girls who bathe, as they do in Japan, naked and not ashamed, leave on the reader an impression of melancholy, such as we get from a life merely animal which ought to be something more. The stronger effects are all tragic, as in 'Le Coq Rouge,' where the young anarchist who sets fire to his rich neighbor's hay-rick, burns up himself and his betrothed in it. Those who are looking for new sensations, fresh and vivid, and are capable of getting them out of books, may be advised to try this one. If there were many such readers, 'Le Livre de la Poustá' ought to find another translator, to turn it into English. (Paris: P. Ollendorff.)

'L'OMBRA,' a musical novel, the scene of which is laid partially in Italy and partially in England, is a translation from the French of A. Gennevraye by B. M. Sherman. A beautiful young girl, with a glorious voice, is raised in the old castle of Alpino, six or seven leagues from Naples, by her grandfather and great-uncle. They educate her splendidly, and have her naturally exquisite voice cultivated by one of the first masters in Italy. To keep her at their side, these two old men persuade the girl to marry her great-uncle. He makes her his wife in name only, and leaves her his fortune and the assured position that a widow in her rank in life would have. She is consumed by a desire to sing on the stage, in opera, and to the accompaniment of a great orchestra. She does so under the *nom de théâtre* of L'Ombra. Her success is phenomenal, and she is conceded to be the greatest singer of her day. She retires after these few performances, however, and no one knows the secret of her name and rank; no one can find her, not even a

man who fell a complete victim to her charms from the moment he first saw her on the stage. She has noticed this man in the opera-house, and is equally interested in him. She finds he is an Englishman, and her cousin; so she decides to go to England and see if she cannot win him away from herself; in other words, if the real woman will not please him better than L'Ombra. Her disguise was so complete on the stage that he does not recognize her, and she will not sing for him for fear that he may. At first it seems as if she would succeed in winning him, but he is true to L'Ombra, and she is obliged to acknowledge her identity with the singer in order to claim the affection of the man who is willing to lay everything at her feet, no matter who or what she may be. The story is rather interesting, on the whole, and is remarkably well translated. (\$1.50. John W. Lovell Co.)

THE SECOND SERIES of Paul Bourget's delightful 'Pastels of Men' in the English translation has just been issued. This little volume contains seven sketches—all that remain of the 'Pastels of Men,' known in their French form as 'Nouveaux Pastels.' The first of these, 'Maurice Olivier,' is the longest and will probably be considered the most important by many, but to our mind it is the least interesting. Its very length defeats the idea of a pastel. It is a complete story, rounded and polished and carried on to an inevitable conclusion as it might have been by an ordinary story-teller. It has none of that exquisite conception of what a short story should be that has placed the French writers ahead of the world in this department of fiction. In short 'Maurice Olivier' is a commonplace short story—an unpardonable crime for Bourget to have committed. It has no place in a volume side by side with the gamblers and 'Corsègues.' The two studies of the gambling passion and its effect upon the mental and moral constitution of a person are marvellously well done. The second one particularly, in which the child holds himself morally responsible for the effort to cheat, and the consequent ruin, of the gambler, so forcibly has he impressed the boy with the superstitions by which men are governed under the influence of such a passion, is very striking. The greatest of these stories, however, is 'Corsègues'—a sharply-outlined and powerfully wrought sketch, written to show that men and women of the present day with all the polish and self-control which modern civilization has taught them, are the same human beings, governed by the same passions, and capable of the same brutal outbursts which we are led to believe are confined in the latter half of the nineteenth century to the savages of central Africa. Altogether this is a fascinating volume. Let us hope that Miss Wormeley will continue the good work she has begun in Bourget's behalf. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

'THROUGH THE RED-LITTEN WINDOWS' and 'The Old River House' are two stories composing one volume of the Unknown Library. The first is a strange, in fact, almost an unaccountable, production. It is really difficult to make up one's mind what the author intends by it. It might be a dream, it might be the ravings of a fever patient in delirium, or it might be an effort at scientific or psychologic analysis. As it closes with the nurse and doctor bending over the hero's death-bed, and commenting upon the strange things he has raved about, it is probably safe to conclude that fever is responsible for the whole. It is written in most exaggerated language, such as this, for instance:—'Once more she flashed upon me the incredible delight of her presence; once more the colorless, magical voice sang in my ears like the morning stars together.' The second story is much more readable, because so much more natural. A mother and her son and daughter live in the old river house together. The son is the only link between the other two and the living world. He dies, and they are left more like shadows than ever. The acquaintances he had made disperse at once, with the exception of one man, whose care and tenderness they accept, making no return in the way of confidence or of seeming affection. His other friends would have wondered could they have seen his tender care of these two impassive people, and yet they appeal to him with the force of their very forlornness. The story is a simple one, but it is pathetic, and appeals to you somewhat as these two women did to the young man who cared for them to the last. Theodor Hertz Garten has written the two stories in this volume. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

CLINTON ROSS explains the title of his new volume of short stories, 'Improbable Tales,' by stating that the use of improbability here is not for ghost, or strictly strange, stories, but for those that make no realistic pretences, and that, conceived with respect for the verities, could not be branded as otherwise than improbable if their writer intended to be veracious. The first, called 'The Pretender,' is simply an adventurous tale of the adventures of an

improbable personage who did not believe in himself. The second, 'The Peace of the Hills,' is a revision of the story of a man who perhaps may not be uncommon. The writer can only say that, clinging to his title, he claims the privilege of being paradoxical; while indeed some may consider this as the most unlikely of them all; you can no more account for your critic than you can for your to-morrow. The last, 'After the Play of "The Rivals,"' is a very little tale suggested by a dream after having just witnessed a performance of Sheridan's play. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'BACK FROM THE DEAD,' by Saqui Smith, is another volume in the Unknown Library Series, and is a startling combination of very unusual events. Two brothers, actors in a travelling company, have a furious quarrel over a woman who has fooled one of them and is getting ready to fool the other. That night the younger brother is murdered, and circumstantial evidence points to the elder as his murderer. He is tried, convicted and hung, but he is resuscitated after the hanging by a physician present who sees he is not dead, and who experiments upon him for the sake of science. He enlists in the British Navy, and on board the vessel in which he has shipped he finds the brother for whose murder he was hung. Together they make their escape, return to England, startle their friends tremendously by appearing in their midst when they were supposed to be dead, and are re-established in the eyes of the law as well as in the minds of the community as living instead of dead citizens. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

'FLYING HILL FARM' is a lively and entertaining story for young people in which figure Preserved Gage, a romantic tin peddler; his daughter Dolly; and Garibaldi, a tame bear, escaped from a travelling show, and, when first discovered in the woods, taken for a ghost. The climax comes when with the aid of the bear and a carefully trained pig belonging to Master Phruse, the hero of the story, an amateur circus performance is attempted in a barn which accidentally catches fire, and brings out the heroic traits that we are all along given to understand lay at the bottom of Phruse's character. (Harper & Bros.)

'CROCHET CASTLE' is the latest issue in the neat edition of Peacock's novels which we have before commended. It is one of the best of the series, being a more mature production by forty-five years than 'Headlong Hall,' and showing a mellowed refinement in its satire which contrasts markedly with the tendency to mere caricature in the earlier book. The author improved with experience and success. 'It is an honor to him,' Leigh Hunt said, 'that prosperity sits on him well.' The best character in the novel—the only one, perhaps, of genuine flesh and blood, and with plenty of both—is the Reverend Doctor Foliott—learned, genial, dogmatic, bibulous, a typical clergyman of the old school. 'The Pool of the Diving Friar,' in this volume, is perhaps Peacock's masterpiece in humorous ballad poetry. To our thinking, there is nothing better of the kind in all English literature. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

THAT THE astonishing people of Troy town have had some no less surprising neighbors is shown in 'Q.'s' new volume of 'Winter Tales' from Ruan Lanihale and Tremenhuel. 'Q.' is evidently as much at home in these nooks of the Cornish coast as Daudet in Tarascon; and, though the time of the stories is the beginning of the century, we must believe that old customs die hard there and that 'Q.' must have seen with his own eyes the jolly Cornish men roasting chestnuts and playing 'Kiss in the Ring' on the strand between wrecks, and perhaps has had personal experience of how public opinion can make itself felt through the instrumentality of fog-horns, tin kettles and penny whistles. These good people, the Minards, Tresidders and Cardinnocks, are (in fiction) a new and fascinating variety of the genus Celt, canny as the Scotch, full of reckless merriment as the Irish, while to find a parallel for their familiar and humorous handling of the Scriptures one would have to frequent the society of our own New England fisher folk, at Newburyport or Marblehead. The story that gives its title to the book, 'I Saw Three Ships,' is somewhat roughly hewn and carpentered. The parts do not fit together well and the minor personages though amusing, are, as it were, hacked out with an axe. But there is nothing in contemporary fiction better than the play of character between the two Zeb Minardses, the young dealer in seawrack and the deserter whom he saves from drowning and who assumes his name, dances in his boots, steals away his sweetheart and makes a man of him. Of the other tales the longest is a very original ghost-story, 'A Blue Pantomime.' 'The Haunted Dragon,' 'The Two Householders,' and 'The Disenchantment of 'Lizabeth' are all entertaining and leave a deposit in the memory. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)

The Bird in the Crowded Street

A BIRD sings in a crowded street :
His notes are clear ; his tones are sweet.
There is such uproar of the throng
It drowns the sweet bird's loudest song.
The trampling feet raise clouds of dust,
Yet still he sings, because he must,
For Nature bids, importunate.
Alas ! poor bird, how hard his fate !
With none to heed the songs he sings,
Nor ever free to use his wings.
Would Heaven that he might fly away
To some old forest, green and grey,
And there, in tranquil solitude,
His voice might ring throughout the wood,
And timid creatures, frolicking,
Might pause to heed what he should sing :
But in this noisy, sordid mart
The sweetest bird might break his heart,
Might fall, unnoticed and unknown,
And die, 'mid hurrying feet, alone.

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

The Lounger

THE OFFER of 100*l*. to the person who correctly guesses the author's title—said to be related to the text—of an illustrated shilling tale issued not long ago from the Leadenhall Press is said to have fallen flat. Of an edition of 10,000 copies of this book, preliminarily christened 'Guess the Title,' *The Publishers' Weekly* hears that near 9000 remain on hand. The competition will be closed on June 30. The failure of such a trick to 'boom' a presumably worthless book must be gratifying to anyone who has at heart the true interests of literature. The device is as illegitimate as an offer to enclose a clothes-wringer with every copy of a book of poems. If a thing isn't worth reading, it had better remain unsold. So long as there are so many stories in print that deserve to be read thrice over, he is an enemy of his kind who prints one that he knows will not sell on its merits.

THE FOLLOWING NOTE appeared last month in the New York papers:—

KEOKUK, IOWA, April 15.—An interesting painting has just been discovered here. It is the property of the Milliard family. Experts say that the picture, which is of the head of Christ, is worth over \$10,000. This painting is attributed to Raphael. It is 6 by 6 inches, and represents the head of Christ with a crown of thorns. The peculiarity of the painting is that it represents Christ with auburn hair and a slight auburn beard. The hair falls in flowing locks over both shoulders and lies in curls upon the breast. The complexion is totally unlike any Italian or Spanish face ; it is more like a Flemish face in this respect. The features are delicate, the nostrils thin, and the mouth expressive. The picture is evidently an old one, and, judging from the peculiar way in which the colors blend, experts say it shows a masterly hand.

The fact that Keokuk experts find the blending of the colors 'masterly,' added to the fact that the face is 'Flemish,' ought to prove the work to be Raphael's without further ado. If only some expert from Tombstone or Tuscaloosa would add his endorsement to that of the Keokukians, the painting would bring \$75,000 at auction without a frame.

AMONG SEVERAL LETTERS written by Leigh Hunt, Thackeray and Dickens, published for the first time in the last number of *The Cornhill*, is one which should do away with the generally believed story that Leigh Hunt was the original of 'Harold Skimpole.' Here it is:—

48 DOUGHTY STREET: Friday Evening.

MY DEAR SIR:—Here is the unhappy parcel which, after being safely booked and entered in my own mind as gone, has been lying on my table in the dust of 14 days. It contains the first four numbers of my new work, a portion of *Oliver Twist* (which you will find in two Miscellaneous volumes) and an American edition of *Pickwick*, which is curious from the singular vileness of the illustrations.

Do me the favor to read Oliver and Nickleby first: of the latter work I have directed the publishers to send you all future numbers regularly ; and of the former, I will send you more anon, if it interest you—an old stager—sufficiently.

You are an old stager in works, but a young one in faith—faith in all beautiful and excellent things. If you can only find it in that green heart of yours to tell me one of these days, that you have met, in wading through the accompanying trifles, with anything that felt like a vibration of the old chord you have touched so often and sounded so well, you will confer the truest gratification on your faithful friend,

LEIGH HUNT, Esq., &c., &c.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ANOTHER LETTER from Dickens is particularly interesting as describing his frame of mind just before settling down to literary work. It is dated, 'Tavistock House, Fourth May, 1855,' and runs thus:—

I am now, to boot, in the wandering, unsettled, restless, uncontrollable (*sic*) state of being about to begin a new book. At such a time I am as infirm of purpose as Macbeth, as errant as Mad Tom, and as rugged as Timon. I sit down to work, do nothing, get up, and walk a dozen miles, come back and sit down again next day, again do nothing and get up, go down a railroad, find a place where I resolve to stay for a month, come home next morning, go strolling about for hours and hours, reject all engagements to have my time to myself, get tired of myself and yet can't come out of myself to be pleasant to anybody else.

Young authors will take comfort in knowing that so experienced a writer did not always find the act of composition an easy one. But let them not think that, because they find it difficult to buckle down to hard work, they are going to produce a 'David Copperfield' or a volume of 'Pickwick Papers.'

APROPOS OF THIS is the following paragraph in which Mrs. Richmond Ritchie tells how the Brownings worked:—

I remember hearing Mr. Browning say (across all these long years):—'It may seem to you strange that such a thing as poetry should be written with regularity at the same hour in every day. But nevertheless, I do assure you it is a fact that my wife and I sit down every morning after breakfast to our separate work; she writes in the drawing-room and I write in here,' he said, opening a door into a little back empty room with a window over a court. And then he added, 'I never read a word she writes until I see it all finished and ready for publication.'

A. J. B. WRITES as follows apropos of a paragraph printed in this column last week:—'James de la Pluche' the *nom de plume* of Thackeray's own servant? Is this a "goak," as A. Ward would say? I have always had an impression that "J. de la P." was one of the many disguises of the Fat Contributor himself.' I can only quote my authority in defense of my statement. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, in writing of her father in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, says:—

One morning James de la Pluche (so my father's servant and factotum chose to call himself when he wrote to the papers) brought in a hamper which had just arrived. * * * He used to write to the papers and sign his letters, 'James de la Pluche, 13 Young Street.' 'Like to see my last, miss?' he used to say, as he put down a paper on the school-room table. He was a very good and clever man, though a stern ruler. My father had a real friendship and regard for him, and few of his friends ever deserved it more. He lived alone down stairs, where he was treated with great deference, and had his meals served separately, I believe. He always called my father 'the Governor.' He was a little man, and was very like Holbein's picture of Sir Thomas More in looks.

I hope that this will carry conviction to the doubting A. J. B.

A RECENT PARAGRAPH in the *Times* rehearsed at some length the misdeeds of a young mechanic in Norwich, Conn.—a stove-founder, earning good wages and living comfortably with his family. He was well-known as a good workman, and no one had suspected for a moment that he was not all that he seemed to be when he was arrested on a charge of burglary. Then it came out that, while by day he was an honest workman, by night he was a professional thief. By industrious 'burgling' he had furnished his house with selected bits from the homes of his unsuspecting fellow-citizens. At last his misdeeds were discovered by an accident, and he confessed in court to his double life.

TO NO ONE will this story be more interesting than to Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, whose play, 'Deacon Brodie,' produced in this city in May, 1887, deals with just the same sort of man as the Norwich stove-founder. Brodie was a carpenter of great skill and the deacon of his craft. To quote from *The Critic's* notice of the play:—'By day he is a pattern of all the virtues; by night, when he is supposed to be asleep in bed, he is the chief of a gang of desperate house-breakers, whose burglarious achievements have paralyzed the authorities.' 'Jim, the Penman,' was another such hypocrite. Men who lead double lives, it is to be feared, are no less common off the stage than on it.

REFERRING TO the 'suggestion' of 'W. W. H.' anent 'So He giveth His beloved sleep,' S. M. D. writes to us from Philadelphia:—'I thought everyone knew the Hebrew is, "So He giveth His beloved, sleeping"—all good things without "anxious thought." This, I believe, is the exact rendering in Luther's Bible. The revised version (margin) says "in sleep." Another misunderstanding and misquoted passage from the Psalms is cxxi, 1:—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." The

original Hebrew is a question:—"Shall I lift up mine eyes to the hills? Whence should my help come?" The second verse responds:—"My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." Reference to Jeremiah iii., 23:—"In vain is salvation hoped for from the hills. * * * Truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." The hills were the refuges of the pagan; Baal's temples were there, not Jehovah's. Yet E. E. B. of Madison, N. J., sends me this note:—"Mrs. Browning's poem, with the refrain 'He giveth His beloved sleep,' will not be injured by the adoption in Barry's 'Teacher's Prayer-Book' of the old misapprehension of the beautiful verse, found in the Septuagint and Vulgate, and followed by Luther. Conant pronounces against it; and Perowne, in his commentary, says that the rendering of the accusative 'in sleep' is not justifiable. The Hebrew, literally given, is 'thus He giveth to His beloved sleep.'"

Boston Letter

TWO INTERESTING prefaces lie before me on my desk in unbound sheets. Within a month they will be put before the public, but it may be a pleasure to know something of their contents at this date. They are widely dissimilar, one being a flowing autobiographical narrative and the other a dogmatic statement of scientific opinion.

The first is that of the revised edition of J. T. Trowbridge's 'Father Brighthopes,' a novel which, we all know, was the first Mr. Trowbridge wrote, but which now has been out of print for a number of years. The story of the birth of 'Father Brighthopes' is told in these preliminary pages. The author was young when this tale of the old gentleman's vacation was originally published. He had been picking up a precarious living by writing under an assumed name—or, as he says, under no name—short stories for the periodical press, but all the time maintaining an ambition to see the efforts of his brain bound between the permanent covers of a book. He had gone to the stately head of the publishing-house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., then the largest firm of its kind in Boston, but the romance which he submitted had been very courteously, but very decidedly, returned 'with regrets.' Now, a second time the young man approaches the august presence of the master of his fate, and this time, having the benefit of an introduction from an influential Boston editor to vouch for his ability, meets with a more cordial reception. Mr. Phillips, however, does not want a novel, at least not just now, but a domestic story for young people and for family reading. The youthful author is rather disappointed, yet he accepts the half loaf, and during the next ten minutes, as he paces up and down the broad mall of the Common, he thinks out the entire motive and the chief incidents as well as the title of the story which he will submit. In a few days fifty pages of the book are forwarded to the publishing-house. But when the author follows to learn of their fate, his ardor is completely cooled by the nonchalant exclamation of the publisher that he has not had time to look at the manuscript. The next sentence, however, lifts the ambitious writer on his feet, for Mr. Phillips tells him that he took the manuscript home to his wife to read, and in two minutes more the embryo novelist is fairly carried to the clouds with hope and happiness. 'Mr. Broaders,' calls out Mr. Phillips to an individual passing by the door of the office, 'how long before you will have some proofs for Mr. Trowbridge?' 'To-morrow,' replies Mr. Broaders. The young author can hardly believe that he is awake, and his pleasure grows even more intense as he hears the senior partner of the great house declare, 'Mrs. Phillips said it would do; she read it through at a sitting, and asked why I did not bring more.'

This was certainly encouragement for Mr. Trowbridge, but that which followed showed a confidence in his skill at authorship which would take away the breath of any man to-day. Mr. Phillips very calmly declared that the manuscript had better be furnished at once directly to the printers without being read by Mrs. Phillips or by anyone until it was in type, and as to the revision of the manuscript which Mr. Trowbridge expected to have to make, that revision, Mr. Phillips said, was entirely unnecessary. So the story passed into type about as fast as it was written, and Mr. Trowbridge tells us that there were not many changes made on the proofs. In three weeks it was ready for the binders. The long life of 'Father Brighthopes' is a matter of literary history. More than forty volumes were to follow from the pen of its author, but this story retained favor through all the years, while the acquaintance between Mr. Phillips and Mr. Trowbridge, which had begun with the acceptance of the book in 1853, ripened into a deep friendship that continued until the death of the publisher. It is interesting to know that the gentleman who then represented the 'Company' in the house of Phillips, Sampson & Co. is the same gentleman who now publishes all the books which Mr.

Trowbridge writes—Mr. William Lee of Lee & Shepard. The friend who introduced Mr. Trowbridge to the firm, and thus placed him on the first round of the ladder of success, was William Mathews, afterwards Prof. Mathews, the author and compiler.

The second preface to which I referred in my opening paragraph is that of Prof. A. E. Dolbear's new work. Prof. Dolbear expects to have to take off his coat and fight in defence of some of the theories he advances in this new book, shortly to be published by Lee & Shepard. Its title is 'Matter, Ether and Motion: The Factors and Relations of Physical Science.' In the work are included the results of thirty years of study and experiment by the well-known professor of physics and astronomy, the inventor of the Dolbear telephone, and if it does not create discussion it will certainly be because the hot weather enervates readers below the point of mental controversy. It is a thoroughly condensed work,—and apropos of that point I have an anecdote. In his youth, Amos E. Dolbear was very apt to expand everything that he wrote. On one occasion he penned a five-page letter in poetic form to a friend and immediately received from that friend, who was also a valued counselor, the advice that thereafter he avoid the waste of time, energy and paper in composing in useless rhyming fashion and in expanding minor ideas. Since that day Prof. Dolbear has endeavored to put all his thoughts into the very shortest sentences and his new book will be found a model in that respect. Dolbear, I am told, does not believe that the planets are inhabited and I think he is to say as much in his new book.

In Prof. Dolbear's preface he declares that the advance in physical knowledge in the last fifty years has not only been rapid but well nigh revolutionary. It was once thought, he declares, that physics embraced several distinct provinces of knowledge which were not necessarily related to each other, such as mechanics, heat and electricity. But he now affirms that all the so-called forces of nature, considered as objective things controlling phenomena, have no existence. In fact he would hold that all phenomena are reducible to nothing more mysterious than a push or a pull.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins was the guest of honor at the reception of the New England Woman's Press Association last week, Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill, the bright President of the Association, and Mrs. Erving Winslow, author of 'Yesterdays with Actors' (her own reminiscences of the stage) receiving with the New England author.

Mr. Samuel Kitson has completed in clay his bust of the late Daniel Lothrop and all the friends of the publisher are much pleased with the likeness. The rugged strength and amiability of the face have been well brought out.

BOSTON, May 17, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

DELIGHTFUL INDEED are Mr. George Allen's powers of doing justice to his beloved Ruskin. Mr. Allen has just issued a book to make the eyes of true book-lovers glisten. It contains a single chapter from the 'Stones of Venice,' printed in what the uninitiated would term 'old black letter'—(it may really be 'old black letter,' for all I know),—but at any rate, that is the effect; while every paragraph has its large, beautifully designed initial letter; and the broad margin of handmade paper frames in the page. The book is bound in vellum, tied by flat silk cords of terra-cotta hue; and a prettier ornament for the library table is not to be found anywhere. *N. B.* 'The Nature of Gothic' may possibly be somewhat difficult to obtain bye-and-bye, as only five hundred copies have been printed; so, as the shops say, 'To prevent disappointment, order early.' This hint, however, is genuine.

The town of Kilmarnock, that busy centre of Scottish weaving industry, has added to itself another point of interest in being the birthplace and death place of a humble genius, who has been known for some years past as 'The Postman Poet.' John Hyslop was almost entirely a self-educated man, and began life as a mechanic; but abandoned that trade on account of weak health which necessitated his seeking a lighter occupation. He was accordingly appointed postman of the district in which he resided; but strict attention to his duties still left him leisure for composition; and some of his poems are strikingly beautiful and original. We must quote a few lines from the last which fell from his pen shortly before his death, and regarding which he wrote to the editor to whom it was sent:—"Confined to bed with severe spasms of the heart. * * * Fear this is the last contribution you will ever have from John Hyslop." The prophecy proved too true. Even as John Hyslop was writing 'The King has called me,' he was preparing to answer the summons.

The King has called me to his side to-night,
Bring me white garments—raiment pure as snow,
For all things must be clean within, without,

When I unto his Presence-Chamber go
To praise his name who now has stooped so low.

I hear the music in the upper rooms :
My soul like pent bird panteth to be free ;
When that has passed beyond life's prison bars,
Then burn, or bury—do what pleaseth Thee
With the worn cage that is no longer Me.

Herrick might have penned just such lines as these. Had Hyslop lived in Herrick's days, we should surely have heard more about him.

Apropos of Kilmarnock, how many of the best and raciest Scotch stories are connected with that sturdy old town! Perhaps the most humorous of any, illustrating as it does the ingrained conceit and self-satisfaction of the Caledonian character, may be here recalled, now that everyone is reading 'The Little Minister' and raving, or pretending to rave, about the 'Window in Thrums,'—though would I could accompany it with look and voice of the well known Norman Macleod—the Scottish preacher—who first told it to me. These are the bare facts.

A drunken weaver who had stumbled into the old 'kirkyard' of Kilmarnock, and there fallen down over a grave, was roused from his sottish slumbers in the dim light of the breaking dawn, by the horn of the mail coach as it rattled past. Up rose the be-mazed Tammis, at the sound. What awful voice was that? Surely it could be nothing less than the sound of the last trump; and he—was he alone of all the occupants of the kirkyard a fit person to respond? Slowly uprearing himself, and beholding no other spirits rising from the surrounding tombs (according to his view), 'Hech, sirs!' he cried aloud, his soul stirred within him to find that he only was to have part in the first resurrection, 'Hech, sirs! it's a *puir show for Kilmarnock!*'

It is so much the fashion for practised writers to seize upon the unsophisticated narratives of simple folks, and dress and garnish them up till they are refurbished within and without before they are presented to public view, that one looks with suspicion on every new production, ostensibly by an illiterate author. Such a volume arrived a few days ago; and despite a most prepossessing exterior, I was regarding 'The Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper' (T. Fisher Unwin) somewhat coldly, when I was assured on good authority that the so-called 'autobiography' was a real and genuine one,—and that the MS. thereof in the gamekeeper's own crabbed and misshapen handwriting had been seen by the speaker. It is true that the phonetic spelling and the Essex grammar of the Essex countryman had to be amended and that the Artemus Ward-like composition of honest John Wilkins had to be put into shape. The editors, Mr. Arthur Byng and Mr. Stephens have vigorously curtailed and expurgated; but they have not actually written Wilkins's story; and when thus much is understood, the story is both interesting and amusing. In its descriptions of animal life, as well as in the anecdotes of rural strategy, the 'Autobiography of an English Gamekeeper' reminds us of those two delightful books 'Woodland, Moor, and Stream,' and 'On Surrey Hills.' There is also a touch of Richard Jefferies every now and then. Lovers of English sports, and of the ways of English sportsmen, may like to know of an authentic record honestly transcribed by a writer who is what he pretends to be, an English gamekeeper, nothing more and nothing less.

Last week's fine weather proved of great value to the success of the Shakespearian festival held at Stratford-on-Avon. Visitors arrived from far and near, the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and the whole affair, including the production of 'Timon of Athens' on the poet's birthday, the 23d, regarding which some doubts had been entertained, went off without a hitch.

Mr. Henry Irving's pretty red and gold sketch book, given away on the first night of 'Henry VIII.' as a memento of the occasion, is selling well at a shilling now. It contains illustrations of all the most striking scenes in the play, and the play as at present represented on the Lyceum boards being mainly a series of brilliant spectacles, it can be easily understood that there are numbers of people out of every audience who will like to buy, and possibly convey back to their country homes—for the country cousin so rife at present—a souvenir which so admirably recalls each one. I was present at the first matinée of 'Henry VIII.' given last Saturday, when not a seat from pit to ceiling was vacant, the booking having been quite phenomenal. All were glad to have Mr. Irving in his cardinal's robes again. As Cardinal Wolsey, he is really fine.

The Private Views of the Royal Academy and of the New Gallery both took place last week, and both as usual afforded opportunities for the meeting of old friends, and the clatter of many tongues. It is an open secret that nobody goes to look at the

pictures; and that the manner in which the tickets are distributed is giving rise to more and more animadversion every year. Artists who are actually exhibiting are often unable to obtain entrance on the coveted occasion; while the card which would have rejoiced the heart of such an one is tossing about the overloaded table of the popular singer, or novelist, or court official, who would not be paid to go near the place; and who never observes that on the day it is furtively abstracted by some cunning underling, who slips it off to his people at home. This is the secret of the presence of so many very queer people at every Private View.

L. B. WALFORD.

Monosyllabic Verse

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of March 26, replying to a correspondent's query, you say you doubt whether Tennyson's song, 'Ask Me No More,' in 'The Princess,' is surpassed in all English literature as an example of monosyllabic verse, as of its 125 words 118 are monosyllables and seven are dissyllables. Allow me to say that a lyric poem, by Elizabeth Akers (Allen), published some years ago, called 'True,' contains 252 words, all of which are monosyllables. I doubt whether *this* is surpassed in all English literature. As will be seen by the copy which I enclose, the poem was probably written with no thought of its verbal peculiarity. Will you kindly make the correction in behalf of a talented American writer, whose modesty would doubtless forbid her asking it, even though her attention should be called to it?

MAY 10, 1892.

A. A. HILL.

The fair frail blooms which loved the sun
Grew faint at touch of cold,
And chilled and pale, fell one by one,
Dead in the dust and mould.

In yon tall tree, now bleached and thinned,
A nest swings frayed and lone,
All soaked with rain and rent by wind,—
Its fair freight fledged and flown.

Where are the birds, the moths, the bees,
And scores of glad free things
Which thronged the ground, the grass, the trees,
Or thrilled the air with wings?

Gone with the warmth, and bloom and light
Born of the sun and sky,
Ere yet there fell this grief and blight,
And the chill nights drew nigh.

On the low bough that arched the gate
When days were warm and long,
A wren, that has no nest or mate,
Droops, all too sad for song.

Shorn of its fruit, still clings the vine,
Its fair robes torn and sere;
No tint is left, nor sound, nor sign,
Of all that June held dear.

But here, where down the dim, wet walks
The blanched leaves whirl and beat,
One rose looks through the bare brown stalks,
And charms the air with sweet,—

As one brave heart, when all the truth
On earth seems dead or lost,
Still keeps the faith and fire of youth,
And smiles in spite of frost.

Ah, though the friends I once held dear
Are far, or false, or flown,
I need not grieve, for *you* are here,
My hope, my love, my own!

"Prince Serébrany" Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In *The Critic* of April 16 is a letter from Mr. N. H. Dole referring to 'Prince Serébrany' by Count Alexis Tolstói.

Concerning the author and the announcement of the translation referred to, the following may be stated:—The author of 'Prince Serébrany' was a cousin of Count Leo Tolstói—a rather distant one, as I was informed in Russia. Owing to a misapprehension, or to the inadvertence of someone in New York, it was stated in the announcement of the translation that Count Alexis Tolstói was a brother of the author of 'War and Peace.' As to the book's newness, I suppose no man will deny that the translation is new, and that is what is before the public in America.

In this connection it is not out of place, perhaps, to state that in Russia all men in the same degree of descent from a common ancestor are termed brothers. Each of two men descended from the same father and mother is to the other a '*rodni brat*'; each of two men descended from two brothers is to the other a '*dvoyúrodni brat*.' In the next lower degree, two such men would be each to the other a '*troyúrodni brat*,' and so on to whatever degree of remoteness we might choose to describe the relationship. The adjective *rodni* is from *rod*, which means a stock, a race, a kind; it may be translated in this connection by generation. *Dvoyúrodni* and *troyúrodni* are compounded of the numerals meaning two and three and *rodni*; *brat* is brother. Consanguinity of this kind is denoted indefinitely. No matter how remote might be the degree of relationship which we indicate by cousin, it would be called brother in Russia; thus ninety-ninth cousin, if traced out, would be hundredth generation brother, or, in Russian words, '*Stoyúrodni brat*.' * * *

Count Alexis Tolstói had a great love, even in boyhood, for poetry; next for art and music, also for hunting, for forests and wild scenery.

In corresponding with friends, he wrote sometimes in verse. I have seen such letters in St. Petersburg. Though his earliest compositions were in verse, his first printed productions were prose tales given to the press in 1842. In 1855 his poetry was first printed. The first edition of '*Prince Serebryani*' bears the date of 1863. The trilogy '*Boris Godunoff*,' which succeeded it, bears the following dates in its three parts:—'*Smert Ioanna Gróznava*,' 1865; '*Tsar Fyódor*,' 1868; '*Tsar Boris*,' 1870. In the edition of 1876 the trilogy '*Boris Godunoff*' is called '*Dramatic Trilogy*.' Count Tolstói died in 1875 in Krasni Rog, his estate in Chernigoff, where his body is buried.

VENTRY, IRELAND, May 4, 1892.

JEREMIAH CURTIN.

The Fine Arts

The National Art Congress

THE NATIONAL ART ASSOCIATION, of which Mrs. Benjamin Harrison is Honorary President, and Vice-President and Mrs. Morton are Honorary Vice-Presidents, held a Congress and opened a loan exhibition of examples of American pictorial art at Washington, on Tuesday last, May 17. The Congress was held in the Lecture Room of the Columbian University. In the absence of President Huntington, Mr. Jefferson Chandler presided. President Welling of the University, Senator Wolcott, Representative Lodge, Commissioner Harris of the Bureau of Education, President Charles Stewart Smith of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and Albert Bierstadt, Frank Millet, Carroll Beckwith, W. A. Coffin and others discussed the best way to improve the popular taste in art, and urged the abolition of the duty on imported art objects. The Secretary, Miss Kate Field, to whose initiative in *Kate Field's Washington* the Congress was due, read numerous letters of regret from artists unable to be present, and others from distinguished laymen, expressing sympathy with the movement. Among the communications of special interest were those of George H. Boughton, who wrote from London; Edmund Clarence Stedman, J. Q. A. Ward, Edward Moran, Cardinal Gibbons, Whitelaw Reid, Charles Dudley Warner, Governor McKinley of Ohio, George William Curtis, William M. Chase, Daniel Huntington and Richard M. Hunt. A letter from Secretary Elkins suggested that the United States Congress authorize the appointment of a committee consisting of artists who shall select all designs of monuments to be erected by or for the Government, and a resolution was passed indorsing this suggestion.

Among the New York artists, sculptors, architects, etc., who attended the Congress were Messrs. John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens, Richard Watson Gilder, Richard H. Hunt, Will H. Low, Wm. R. O'Donovan and C. C. Coleman.

The loan exhibition was opened by the Vice-president and Mrs. Morton at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and was to continue open about ten days. A reception was given at the White House from 5 to 7 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. McKee and Mr. Halford receiving in the East Room, assisted by ladies of the Cabinet circle. The state parlors and conservatory were open, and a table was laid in the state dining-room. The doors were opened on the south portico, and the Marine Band played upon the lawn below.

Art Notes

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has bought with the income from the Chantrey bequest the large painting by Mr. Frank D. Millet, Vice-President of the Academy of Design, called '*Between Two Fires*.' The scene is a colonial interior of the seventeenth century. This

is the fourth painting by an American bought by the Chantrey Fund.

—The auction sale of Dumas's collection of pictures was begun at the Hotel Drouot on May 12, in the presence of a throng of representatives of the world of fashion and art.

—Mrs. Amelia B. Lazarus and Miss Emilie Lazarus, the widow and daughter of Jacob H. Lazarus, the portrait painter, have given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art \$24,000 as an endowment fund, the interest of which, about \$1200, is to be awarded to the most proficient male student in the class of painting organized by the Art School of the Museum for the purpose of competing for this prize, to be called the Jacob H. Lazarus Travelling Scholarship. The famous Prix de Rome, coveted by all French students at the Beaux Arts in Paris, is only \$800.

A Society of American Authors

A NUMBER of authors met in this city on Wednesday, in response to the following call:—

'The undersigned, believing that the interests of American authors and literature demand the organization of a Society of American Authors on the same general basis as the very successful English and French societies, invite you to meet at the Berkeley Lyceum, No. 23 West 44th Street, New York, on May 18th, at 12 M., to organize a Society of "American Authors," of which all literary workers, both men and women, may become members, with annual dues not exceeding \$5, and having these general objects:—

'1st. To promote sociality and a professional spirit among authors.
'2d. To settle disputes between authors and publishers, by arbitration, or by an appeal to the courts.
'3d. To advise authors as to the various methods of publishing, and see that their contracts are so drawn as to protect them in their legal rights.

'4th. To co-operate with publishers in bringing about better business methods between author and publisher.

'5th. To secure minor reforms, such as an extension of copyright, carriage of literary property through the mail at the same rate as other merchandise, and in general to advance the interest of American authors and literature.

'W. D. Howells, Thomas W. Higginson, Charles D. Warner, Moncure D. Conway, George W. Cable, Julian Hawthorne, James Grant Wilson, Charles Burr Todd.'

Gen. James Grant Wilson in behalf of the Genealogical and Biographical Society, which controls the Lyceum, welcomed the members, and nominated Col. T. W. Higginson as chairman of the meeting. The latter, in accepting, disclaimed any ill-feeling against publishers, and declared himself and his associates to be animated simply by a desire to protect authors.

Current Criticism

CARDINAL MANNING AND HIS CLUB.—At the Athenæum Club the Cardinal was seen—all the associations, lay and clerical, were congenial to him. There was a faint reflex of the old Oxford life. He would arrive in his little brougham about five o'clock, and step in jauntily, arrayed in his comfortable great-coat of a dressing-gown cut, and a hat of special pattern, very broad of brim, but bent down 'fore and aft.' It had nothing of the professional 'shovel,' yet it suited the well-cut, ascetical, sad-toned face that it sheltered. He made his way to the library; but it was a slow progress; as he was sure to encounter many an acquaintance. He knew most political and official personages there, with whom he always had a smiling, half confidential talk, and it was pleasant to note their deferential and cordial bearing towards him. But his chief acquaintance seemed to be among the bishops, deans, canons, and other dignitaries. With some, notably with the Bishop of Gloucester, he was on affectionate terms. On a ballot-day he was sure to attend, and there were many who seized the opportunity of being presented to him. His manner was really irresistible on these occasions; there was the old musical tenderness in his voice, and, with his head a little on one side, he held your hand at a distance with a curious, stiff grasp, yet cordial. He would then betake himself to the shelves of new books, and deliberately select what appeared to him most attractive. He would retire with it to some well-sheltered corner, his hat well down, and glasses 'on,' and read on till he was interrupted or grew tired. He had many intimate conversations with all sorts and conditions of men: he liked a regular talk—on the cushioned bench, on the stairs—and he would say jocosely, on the subject of actors and the stage, 'Well, you must fix a day, and we'll have it out.' He was altogether a charming, engaging man, and really quite irresistible when he wished to have something done.—*The Pall Mall Budget*.

J. M. BARRIE AND THRUMS.—He was born at Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, of an old Kirriemuir stock; and it is Kirriemuir that, under the name of Thrums, he has immortalized with more than one legend. For I cannot believe that his 'Little Minister,' beautiful work as it is, will outlive or overshadow the concluding chapters of 'A Window in Thrums.' I find these chapters so simply poignant, so true to race and soil, yet so sincere in their appeal to emotions which all men share, that to match them I must take down my 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' and turn to the tale of 'Rab and His Friends,' or open my Bible and read the story of Ruth. Pathos of this order would seem to be the rarest of plants. Its roots must reach deep in native earth and be nourished there for generations before it will put forth a bud. To tell a story of Thrums as Mr. Crawford would tell it, little more is needed than a bold heart and a tourist's excursion ticket; to tell it in Mr. Barrie's manner, you must be born and bred there, and, what is more, must have grandparents buried there. Thrums is in his blood, with all its traditions of obscure toil and sombre zeal for religion; and that, I think, is the main reason why we, who have never seen the place, can easily flatter ourselves, after reading Mr. Barrie's books, that we know it well. We seem actually to have looked down upon that 'handful of houses jumbled together in a cup'; we not only recognize cluster after cluster of red stone walls, but we know the small dramas that have been played within them; for Mr. Barrie, like some wholly beneficent Asmodeus, has lifted off the roof of each for us.—*A. Quiller Couch, in The Bookman.*

Notes

A VOLUME containing 'The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland' is announced for immediate publication by the Cassell Publishing Company. The work of preparing this volume for the press was done by Mr. George F. Parker, a gentleman who enjoys the friendship and confidence of the ex-President, by whom he was authorized to make the collection. Mr. Parker has done his work with knowledge and ability, and, besides an excellent introduction, he has made an index that is quite remarkable for its thoroughness. It will be a great satisfaction to his many admirers to have the forcible utterances of Mr. Cleveland put into permanent form, and in such shape that they are readily referred to. A new portrait of the ex-President will accompany the volume.

—The North American Review's June symposium is on 'The Harrison Administration,' and the participants in the discussion are Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, Senator Dolph of Oregon and Senator Colquitt of Georgia. 'The Perils of Re-electing Presidents' is the subject of an article by the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton, in the same number of the magazine.

—The second annual session of the School of Applied Ethics will be opened on Wednesday, July 6, at Plymouth, Mass., and continue six weeks.

—Macmillan & Co. are about to publish a new edition of Jane Austen's 'Mansfield Park,' 'Pride and Prejudice,' and other novels, from entirely new plates, with a few illustrations, the set to be complete in ten volumes, issued monthly. They have just issued, under the title of 'Calmire,' an exposition, through the medium of a story, of that scientific explanation of the basis of morals for which many are seeking outside of the historic creeds.

—The late Dr. Amelia B. Edwards bequeathed her valuable library to Oxford, at the same time endowing a chair of Egyptology.

—The American Library Association is holding its fourteenth annual meeting at Lakewood, Baltimore and Washington, under the direction of First Vice-President W. I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College. We hope to publish next week an authentic summary of the proceedings.

—Björnsterne Björnson, the Norwegian novelist and poet, has renounced his pension because the Government will not extend a like honor to the poet Kielland.

—The growth of the Brooklyn Institute during the last four or five years has been so marked that we are not surprised to hear of a proposition for still further extending its usefulness. The plan proposed is nothing less than the establishment in Brooklyn of a school of Political Science where any person of good education may obtain instruction in the main branches of civil government, economics, sociology and history, upon the payment of a nominal tuition fee. Of course there would be no conferring of degrees, and no cheap-won and worthless diplomas. The way for such instruction has been partially paved by the educational work accomplished in the lecture courses maintained by the department of political and economical science since it was organized two years ago.

—'Is it irreverent,' asks D. L., 'to tell the remark of a friend when she heard that Walt Whitman's admirers had presented the poet with a carriage? "Poor old man," she sighed,—"he needs it: there's always something wrong with his feet!"'

—Public Opinion's \$150, \$100 and \$50 prizes for the best three essays on plans of taxation for national, state and municipal purposes, have been awarded, respectively, to Walter E. Weyl of Philadelphia, Robert Luce of Boston and Bolton Hall of New York. These prize essays, with three others, will be published in a single volume by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

—The rise of a new metropolis, Budapest, will be described by Dr. Albert Shaw in the June Century.

—Messrs. Edmund H. Bennett and C. C. Beaman having assured them that their rights are indisputable, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that they will prosecute anyone found dealing in unauthorized editions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The greater part of Mrs. Stowe's income is still derived from the sale of this book.

—El Centenario (The Centenary) is the title of a new illustrated review published in Madrid under the direction of Señor Don Juan Valera, late Minister to the United States, and popularly known, even to American readers of fiction, by his 'Pepita Ximenez,' 'Doña Luz' and 'Don Braulio.' In a characteristically charming introduction Señor Valera sets forth that the Centenario, as the official organ of the Directors of the Spanish celebration of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America, will contain articles by the best known writers of Spain, Spanish America and Portugal, on Columbian and pre-Columbian subjects. The editor's associate, Don Juan de Dios de la Rada y Delgado, writes with much erudition and bibliographical knowledge on the Codice of Isabella the Catholic. The first number contains a facsimile of this Codice or royal will; and it is most interesting to read the Queen's last disposition in regard to the natives of the lands just discovered. Having access to all public and private archives, the editors are reproducing in facsimile rare documents, etc., hitherto unpublished. The first numbers of the new weekly contain most valuable material, whether from a literary, historical or artistic point of view. El Centenario is a handsome sheet of forty-eight pages, with several full-page plates.

—Mr. George Henry Moore, Superintendent of the Lenox Library, died at his home, 57 E. 78th Street, on May 5. He was born in Concord, N. H., April 20, 1823. After his graduation from the University of the City of New York in 1845 he became Librarian of the New York Historical Society, and in October, 1872, was elected Superintendent of the Lenox. He was a member of various historical and antiquarian societies. Among his best-known works are 'The Treason of Charles Lee,' 'Employment of Negroes in the Revolutionary Army,' 'Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts,' 'History of the Jurisprudence of New York,' 'Early History of Columbia College' and 'Washington as an Angler.' He leaves a wife, a married daughter and a son.

—Thomas Cooper, the author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' written in jail while he was serving a two years' term of imprisonment for participation in the Chartist movement of 1841, has been allowed a sum of \$1000 from the Queen's Bounty. He is in his eighty-eighth year.

—At a special meeting of the Trustees of Cornell University on Wednesday, the resignation of President Charles Kendall Adams was accepted, and resolutions of respect and commendation adopted. Prof. Jacob Gould Schurman was then elected President by a unanimous vote. No other name was suggested. Prof. Schurman has been at the head of the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell during the past six years.

—The late Dr. Pliny Earle, for many years Superintendent of the Massachusetts Hospital for the Insane, published in Philadelphia, in 1841, a volume entitled 'Marathon, and Other Poems.' He was born on Dec. 31, 1809.

—The article on 'The Drury Lane Boy's Club,' London, which Frances Hodson Burnett contributes to the June Scribner's, marks the author's first appearance in any magazine for several years. Her interest in the problem of the London boy led to the experience she describes, and this to her presenting to the Club a reading-room in memory of her son Lionel. Mrs. Burnett will have other contributions in Scribner's Magazine in the near future.

—A letter written by Martin Luther was sold in London about three weeks ago for \$130.

—It is said that the late Lord Houghton was present at Lady Knutsford's one afternoon when Clifford Harrison was reciting, and during the entertainment fell asleep. One of his own pieces was on the program and Mr. Harrison determined that it should be the next. When he had recited it, and while the audience

were applauding, Lord Houghton awoke, and rising from his chair exclaimed:—"One of the best things I have ever heard? Who wrote it? Is it published?"

—The author of 'Obiter Dicta' has a new volume of essays in print. Mr. Birrell is a son-in-law of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, the London poet, his wife having been the widow of Lord Tennyson's son Lionel.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1646.—I should like to obtain a book (or books) containing the quintessence of the known philosophy, metaphysics and religious systems of all ages, written in either German or English.

CHINA, IND.

C. J. R.

1647.—I once read an incident of the Crimean War, in which the allied armies being about to make a charge, or rather a strong detachment of each nationality being assigned for the dangerous work, each sang its own song to evoke the desired pitch of enthusiasm; and as a result of the singing of the 'Marseillaise,' the French, who previously had not been doing well, swept everything before them. Where can I find the account?

THREE RIVERS, MICH.

E. B. L.

1648.—Who wrote 'The Spinning Top,' and where can it be procured?

SALT LAKE CITY.

R. C. H.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abbott, L. Evolution of Christianity. \$1.25.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Card to the Trade.

In answer to the various rumors that the copyright of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has expired, we beg to submit, in addition to what we stated in the *Publishers' Weekly* of April 16: the opinion of the following eminent counsel, Hon. EDMUND H. BENNETT, Dean of the Law School of the Boston University, and CHARLES C. BEAMAN, Esq., of the law firm of Everts, Choate & Beaman, New York, and to repeat, what we have before stated, that it is our purpose to pursue to the extent of the law any person who shall "print, publish, sell, or expose for sale" any unauthorized edition of said Book during the existence of the copyright, in behalf of Mrs. Stowe, whose chief income is derived from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

BOSTON, May 5th, 1892.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,

GENTLEMEN:

I have investigated the facts in regard to the securing and the renewal of the copyright on the book entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and have examined the statutes and decisions of the United States Courts, bearing upon those facts, and I am of the opinion that you would be able to obtain an injunction against any person who shall, without your consent, "print, publish, sell, or expose for sale" any copy of said book within the term limited by law for the duration of said copyright.

EDMUND H. BENNETT.

New York, May 9th, 1892. I concur in the above opinion. CHARLES C. BEAMAN.

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(Room 22, Manhattan Building),
96 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Barrie, J. M. A Window in Thrums.
Blishop, W. H. The Yellow Snake. 50c.
Buchanan, R. Come Live With Me.
Buckley, J. M. A Hereditary Consumptive's Successful Battle for Life. 30c.

Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Hunt & Eaton.

Calendar of the University of Michigan for 1891-92.

Caluire. \$1.50.
Canning, J. D. Connecticut River Reeds. \$1.25.
Cawein, M. Moods and Memories. \$2.
Claretie, J. All for Jack. 50c.
Clark, L. Religion for the Times. \$1.25.
Dahn, F. What is Love. Trans. by Kannida.
Dante, Divine Comedy of. III. Paradise. Trans. by C. E. Norton. \$1.25.

Ann Arbor: Pub. by the University.
Macmillan & Co.
Boston: J. G. Cupples.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Rand, McNally & Co.
Hunt & Eaton.
Chicago: N. C. Smith.

Fate of Fenella. The. By Helen Mathers and 23 others.
Fearing, B. In the City by the Lake. \$1.25.
Gardner, P. New Chapters in Greek History. \$5.
Geographic Names: First Report of the U. S. Board.
Gibbins, H. de B. English Social Reformers. 2s. 6d.
Gordon, J. Marionettes. \$1.
Guinness, H. G. The City of the Seven Hills. \$1.
Helen Brent, M. D. 75c.
Hensel, O. Imperia. 75c.
Hobbes, J. O. The Sinner's Comedy. 50c.
Hudson, W. C. On the Rack. 50c.
Irish Peasant, The. By a Guardian of the Poor. \$1.
Le Sage, A. R. Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillan. Trans. by T. Smollett.

Chicago: Searle & Gorton.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Washington.
London: Methuen & Co.
Cassell Pub. Co.
F. H. Revell Co.
Cassell Pub. Co.
Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.
Cassell Pub. Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Worthington Co.

MacCabe, J. A. Hints for Language Lessons and Plans for Grammar Lessons. 35c.
Marshall, E. Bristol Bella. 75c.
Mott, L. F. Dante and Beatrice.
Neally, A. To Nuremberg and Back.
Nesbit, E. (Mrs. H. Bland). Lays and Legends. \$1.75.
Parsons, E. Tennyson's Life and Poetry.
Parsons, R. Some Lies and Errors of History.
Payne, J. History of Education. Ed. by J. F. Payne. \$2.50.

Longmans, Green & Co.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Maps of N. Dakota and Washington. 50c. each.
Russell, W. C. Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea. 50c.
Sanborn, M. F. It Came to Pass. 50c.
Schwahn, J. G. The Tableau. 50c.
Smart, H. A Member of Tattersall's. 30c.
Smith, A. E. Rural Legends and Lyrics.
Stearns, L. F. Henry Boynton Smith. \$1.25.
Stevenson, R. L. A Child's Garland of Songs. \$1.25.
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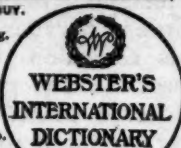
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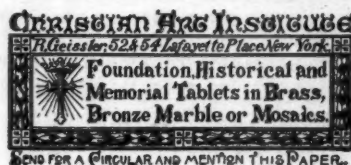
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